



#### The Bride in India

WHEN the girl of India becomes a bride, she stands on a large plate filled with rose-colored sweetmeats, a custom unique among wedding ceremonials and in keeping with the Eastern love of display.

# THE FORTUNE HUNTER - By Ruby M. Ayres

## A. Seeker of Thrills Finds Himself | I've lived in Bomerton, blood's thicker than water Mistaken for Another and Thereby Becomes Enmeshed in a Maze of Love and Mystery.

and protect him.

say?"

self free.

He waited, but nobody spoke,

and he broke out abruptly: "Well,

have none of you got anything to

The Fortune Hunter shook him-

"Yes, I have," he said, "and it's

this: I will accept no help from you

or anyone else. I'm not hiding be-

hind a man who has done his best

to ruin me. I'm done, and I

know it, but I'll pay my own debts

-thank you all the same," he

added, more quietly, as he saw

"And may I ask how you pro-

pose to pay them?" Mr. Harding

said huskily. He had not yet re-

covered from the shock; he could

not believe that he had heard

aright. "It seems to me," he broke

out furiously, without waiting for

a reply.. "that this is just a game

put up between you all, though

why-" He strode over to Anne

and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"How long have you known this?"

about it." the Fortune Hunter

answered for her swiftly. "It's

quite true, what Mr. Fernie save.

that I am his son, but I never knew

it when I came to Somerton; I only

discovered it by accident when I

saw my mother's portrait in his

There was an eloquent silence,

"There is nothing to be done."

she said, in a cold little voice:

for the first time she looked

across at the Fortune Hunter.

"I blame myself as much as I

blame you," she added tremu-

lously. "I ought to have known

-I ought to-" her voice died

away, and Mr. Harding moved

over to where she stood and put

said gently, "very brave. Every-

thing shall be as you wish: just

as you wish. I only thank God

that all this has come out before

you married the man, but per-

haps even he would not have

been blackguard enough to allow

things to go so far." he added

face. "I married John Smith-

ten years ago." she said clearly,

as if she wanted to be sure that

everyone in the room heard. "I

married John Smith before he-

There was a profound silence,

"You married that scamp!

There seems to me that there is

nothing to choose between the

dead and the living. You married

John Smith; the man I paid to

go abroad and keep out of the

way when they let him out of

prison. I never meant you to

know: I hoped to heaven he

would never come back: I hoped

"And all the time you were his

wife, and the fellow allowed me

to buy him off. Do you hear

that?" he appealed savagely to

Geoffry Foster. "The scamp!

"I reckon by the look of it, Mr.

Harding," old Fernie broke in.

with his slow smile, "that by the

look of it John Smith was a worse

lot than my son here." He took

his hand from the Fortune Hunt-

er's coat, but kept carefully be-

"I heard a thing or two from

that Miss Claver we went to see

"Come, dear," Mr. Harding said.

He put his arm around his niece

and led her from the room, and

Geoffrey Foster followed with

Tommy; then Fernie shut the

door behind them and stood with

his back to it, facing the Fortune

"Now, then, what have you got

to say?" he asked quietly. "It

was a genuine offer made to

stand by you and pay your debts.

I'm not a poor man, though it

suited me to pretend to be since

Hunter.

tween him and the door.

The scoundrel! The-the-"

you would forget him.

then Mr. Harding broke out in a

Anne looked up into her uncle's

with unwanted emotion.

before he went away!"

"You're brave, my dear," he

his arm round her wais'.

"Miss Harding knows nothing

how Fernie winced.

he asked her.

cottage."

which Anne broke.

(Continued from Yesterday.) † myself responsible for his debts NNE was sitting up now, her hands clasped in her lap, her face white and tense. "You, Mr. Fernie!" she breathed,

and then as he nodded she broke out agitatedly: "But why-why?" Old Fernie made no answer for a moment, but he looked swiftly across at the Fortune Hunter, then

said slowly: "Well, I've my own reasons; they don't matter for the moment, but I'm not such a poor man as everyone in Somerton seems to suppose, and I can well afford to repay Mr. Harding, if he will ac-

"But-but -- " Mr. Harding spluttered, "it's all such an extraordinary thing! You told me you hated John-this man! You told me that you meant to ruin him, and now-good gracious, man! What are your reasons? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Never mind my reasons, Mr. Harding," Fernie answered, and there was a certain dignity about the old man as he stood there. quite unmoved in the midst of all the excitement. "There's my offer. Will you take it or leave it?"

The Fortune Hunter broke in then. "It's not for Mr. Harding to choose, it's for me to say if I will allow you to pay my debts, and I refuse to allow you to do so. I absolutely refuse!"

His eyes blazed as they met Fernie's "I'd rather go to prison, if that's where you're all so bent on sending me," he added reck-

Mr. Harding veered round again. "And doesn't it occur to you that you owe my niece some slight consideration?" he asked sharply. "If by accepting this man's offerthough for the life of me I cannot understand why he has made ityou can save her in some slight measure, isn't it your duty to accapt? Haven't you any thought for her at all?"

#### WANT HIM TO GO.

The Fortune Hunter's face for Miss Harding to decide," he sold after a moment with an effort. "I am willing to do as she

"I have no wishes in the matter." Anne rose to her feet: her face was quite colorless, but she waved Geoffry Foster away when he would have supported her. "As far as I am concerned, this thing is ended and done with," she went on, and her voice was flat and expressionless.

"If-if it is anyone's place toto prosecute this-gentleman"she wavered a little-"It is mine, and I have no such wish or intention. I only want him to go; and I hope I shall never see him

There was a moment's profound silence. Tommy fidgeted from one foot to the other, and shot the Fortune Hunter a triumphant glance, and Geoffry Foster moved forward with more confidence and leaned over Anne, taking her hand in his, as she sank back on to the

The Fortune Hunter seemed the most unmoved of them all. He stood there, his hands in his pockets, his head thrown back defiant-

ly, a mocking smile on his lips. Then suddenly Mr. Harding spoke. "She is right; it shall be

as she wishes," he said.

He raised his hand and pointed to the door, his eyes fixed on the Fortune Hunter's defiant face. "Go," he said, "before I change

at the Savboy," he said again, "and I'm not so sure, after all, my mind." but that it's not the best thing The Fortune Hunter laughed aloud. He turned swiftly on his

for everyone that the man died before more harm was done." heel, and in another moment "And if it's all the same to would have gone, but that old everyone," old Fernie resumed, "I Fernie caught him by the coat. should like to have a word or two "You shall not go," he said, and

alone with my son here." there was a ring of command in He seemed to be quite master his voice that struck strangely on of the situation. He stood with the silent room. "You shall not his hands in his breeches pockets, go until I have had my say." calmly waiting for the others to He crushed his old felt hat nervleave them.

ously in his hand, but he was selfpossessed enough as he looked steadily at Mr. Harding. "This man is my son," he said.

Tommy gave a loud gasp, but nobody else moved or spoke. Anne had hidden her face in her hands and Mr. Harding stood like a man turned to stone.

"This man is my son," old Fernie said again, his hand still clutching the Fortune Hunter's coat. "I never knew it till two days ago, but it's true enough. This man is my son, and as his father I claim the right to make

added awkwardly. The Fortune Hunter turned to the window and stood looking into the garden for a moment without answering; then he replied slowly, as if he were carefully choosing his words:

blood's thicker than water!" he

"It's kind of you, and I'm grateful, but-it won't do. I took the money, and I must pay it back." He laughed mirthlessly. "I can work if I like. I've navvied for months with the roughest of them."

"There'll be no need for you to work at all-when I'm gone," the old man said. "Come, come; you've got all your mother's obstinacy and pride, I can see that, but it doesn't always pay. Think it over, for the sake of this girl, if not for your own. She cares for you-in spite of them all." The Fortune Hunter turned

slowly round, his eyes incredulous. "Cares for me!" he laughed. "She said she never wished to see me again." "Women never mean what they say," Fernie insisted. The For-

tune Hunter shrugged his shoul-

ders. "I think Miss Harding doesand she's right. I'm not fit for her or any other woman. I've nothing to offer her, not even a decent past. I'll go back to the road: I belong there. I'm \*glad it's all over-this business here. I couldn't have stood it much

longer anyway." He turned round and looked old Fernie up an down with a softened smile.

"Where do I get my bad strain from?" he asked, half-mirthfully, half in bitterness. "Not from my mother, I'll swear."

"No," Fernie agreed; "she was a good woman. If she hadn't been she might have found it easier to live with me. However"-he cleared his throat loudly-"that's all done with. I'm sorry you won't let me help you out: I should have found it a pleasure." he spoke awkwardly, avoiding his son's eyes. "But you can't prevent me from leaving you what I've got when I go," he added, "and as far as Mr. Harding and the rest of 'em are concerned, they won't trouble you, John-I beg your pardonthat's not your name, I know." He rubbed his chin. "Do you know that ever since you came down to my place the other night I've been trying to remember what it was, and bless my soul if I can."

"My name is Robert," the Fortune Hunter said. Old Fernie laughed rather constrainedly.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

THE FORTUNE HUNTER-Youthful tramp. who appropriates the pocketbook and identity of John Smith whose body he discovers in the woods.

ANNE-Beautiful heiress, who loves The Fortune Hunter, believing him to be John Smith, exconvict, who wooed and won her ten years before the opening of the story.

TOMMY-Ward of Mr. Harding, a crippled boy, whose life The Fortune Hunter saves, thereby gaining entrance to the Harding household.

DR. HARDING-Uncle of Anne, a shrewd country gentleman.
FERNIE—A prying trouble maker, friendly to

FOSTER-A rival for Anne's favor.

you after the vicar who married us. I remember. Your mother thought the world of him. Dear me! How it all comes back." GOOD-BY.

The clock on the shelf chimed. and the Fortune Hunter turned from his contemplation of the dark garden; it was half past eight!

He roused himself with an effort. "Well, I'll be getting along," he said. Fernie paled a little. "Not

onight. Come home with me if you can't stay here." The Fortune Hunter laughed. "Here?" he said eloquently.

Come home with me then," the old man urged rather pathetically. "It's a small place, but you're welcome."

The Fortune Hunter shook his head. "It's kind of you, but I'll be

getting along." His eyes turned wistfully toward the door.

There was a moment's silence then Fernie held out his hand. "I should like-" he began, but there was no need for him to finish, the Fortune Hunter took his hand in a warm grip. "Good-by, and-thank you," he

"And if there's ever anything I can do," the old man said

huskily, "you know where to find

Their hands fell apart, and the Fortune Hunter opened the door and went into the hall. once more-just for one moment

But he could not expect it; she had done with him forever. By force of habit he took his coat from the hallstand-the coat which was not his-and his hat and turned blindly to the front

He opened it and the rush of night air smote his face with a flood of cold memory. Never to see her again, never

to hear her voice! His punish. ment was greater than he could "John!" The name was spoken in a trembling whisper, and he

wheeled round, blinded with wild hope and the agony of relief to find Anne standing there behind him. For a moment Anne and the Fortune Hunter looked at one an-

other without speaking; then, suddenly, before the pain and humiliation of her eyes, he broke out in passionate incoherence: "I'm sorry. Try to forgive me some day. I've lost everything-

everything." Her sad eyes wandered over his face and then past him to the open door and the moonlit world

asked faintly.

den, passionate impulse she caught his arm.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

but beat against his heart as if they had been loud enough to fill all the spaces of the world, and for a moment he stood like a man turned to stone, not daring to look at her, not daring to believe that he had heard straight,

He turned slowly round, his face marble white. "You don't understand what you're saying." he broke out hoarsely. "You don't know what it means. I'm a waster, a blackguard, everything Mr. Harding called me, and-and even if I were not-what have I to offer you? Nothing! I've lied to you. I've deceived you!" "You said you loved me," she

broken with tears: "Don't go! Oh.

don't go!"

whispered. "Love you!" He caught his breath with a hard sound. Her hand stole up till it rested on his

shoulder. "Wasn't it-true?" she askedpainfully.

He dared not trust himself to answer. He broke out again desperately: "I'm Fernie's son, and

you always hated him!" There was a long silence; then she said, so faintly that he hardly

caught the words: "I don't care whose son you are-I love you.' The Fortune Hunter looked away from her to the open door and the moonlit road; the blood

was roaring in his ears; a thou-

sand voices of temptation whispered at his heart. Why go, when she loves you? Love and life and happiness are waiting for you here, if you will

but take them. He laughed aloud, as if the voices had been real. Love! Without trust, without truth? It could never be.

He broke out again whidly. "I can't! I've no right! Let me go! I'm not fit to touch you, I--" Her hand fell away from his "And you were going-without a

word to me?" "What else could I do? You said you wished it, and you are right. I've had my glimpse of Paradise, more than I deserve. Let me

go." "And what about me?" she said, as she had done once before that evening. He made a gesture of despair.

"You!" he echoed brokenly. "My dear, what can I do for you?" "You can stay with me."

She spoke bravely enough; then, quite suddenly, her courage seemed to fail; she swayed and would have fallen but for his arm.

He dropped his coat and half led, half carried her into the library. The fire had burned low and the room was empty when he put her gently into a chair and stood watching her with broken-

For a little while she sat quite still, her face hidden in her hands; then she rose to her feet suddenly, catching the Fortune Hunter by

## The Story of an Adventurer, Who. Finding a Body in the Woods, Had the Identity of the Dead Man "Wished Upon" Him.

you if you won't leave me. I don't care what you've done; I don't care what anyone says: I-." She swayed weakly against him. "Oh, John, have a little pity; have

The Fortune Hunter stood with his arms stiffly at his sides, and when at last he answered his eves looked over her bowed head into the silent room.

"You don't know what it means

a shilling, and I've stolen two ing. It's got to be repaid if it takes me to the end of my life." know what it means. I'm nobody, a wanderer, a vagabond. and I adore you for it, but-I'm not worth it. And besides, you'd never forget-all that's past. "Whatever I told you, you'd

be thinking that I've lied to you -many times before. It woulds always be there-between us-the past! God knows I'd give my right hand to wipe it out, but I can't. You know that-we both know it."

it can never be," he answered. "If I am willing to take the

trembling too much to speak. She wrung her hands. "If it's only the money, John, don't let it stand between us. I have my own, and it's yours-oh, so glad-

"If it's only that you are afraid for my sake what people will say, I tell you I don't care! They say bitter things-cruel things-years ago when you-" She broke off, the tragedy of it all striking home to her afresh. and for a moment neither of them spoke. Then the Fortune Hun-

Anne? Is it me? Was it ever me? I've longed so many times to ask you. If I knew, somehow things-wouldn't be so hard Ioh, I know I've no right to ask

She drew a long breath and the faintest smile trembled on her

"If you could both be here now -you and-and he," she said slowly, "and I had to choose, it would be you-you always. Even-even -" and her eyes fell as the color rose slowly to her white cheeks-"even though I-married him."

out to her, but fell again hopelessly. What was the good? They had got to part. Every nerve in his body told him that this thing could never be. Why prolong it's Why not cut out his aching heart once and for all? He turned blindly to the door. "I must go-

of passionate reproach in her voice that he stopped with a stiffled groan, and she went on, sobbing now, as if her heart was broken: "And I count nothing, nothing,

I suppose! It doesn't matter that I've offered myself to you, that I let my pride go! Oh, if you ever cared for me at all, you can't be so cruel. Life's so short a few years, and it won't matter to anyone who you were, or if we loved each other; but, now-oh, haven't I borne enough?"

ly and looked at her; then he came back to where she stood and put his arms round her, presing her head to his breast. "Don't, don't! It breaks my

heart! I'm not worth a tear, not worth a thought. Oh, my dear-" She lifted her arms and clasped

promise me! Promise me! Stay just for tonight, just till the morning. Oh, I shall die if you leave

Then he raised her head and, holding her face between his hands stooped and kissed her lips-a long kiss of farewell. If only she had known it, of passionate despair and undying love. "I love you-I love you," he said.

cheek was pressed to his.

"And you won't go-you won't leave me--"

you know that. I--".

"Will you stay if I ask you to?" said a voice behind him, and the Fortune Hunter turned, with Anne's arms still about him, and looked into Mr. Harding's perturbed face.

"Will you stay if I ask you to?" Mr. Harding said again. "Oh, it's

not that I've changed my mind about you." he broke out, with great bitterness, "but I love my niece; I'd give everything I own to see her happy, and I know now that she'll break her heart if you

room. "Stay, just for tonight," he added slowly. "Tomorrowperhaps things will seem more pos-

The two men eyed one another steadily for a long moment; then the Fortune Hunter flung up his head. "Very well-if you wish it."

all this part of his life left behind

it was a relief to everyone when it

It was agony to the Fortune Hunter to see the tragedy of Anne's face; a hundred times he wished that after all he had gone away without seeing her; he was unutterably glad when she rose to say good-night. It was only ten o'clock then, but the evening had seemed an eternity.

"My dear-my dear-my dear!" She clung to him desperately, and they kissed as only lovers kiss for

They hardly spoke, save in broken words of endearment, until

"If you had left me, I would have followed you to the ends of the world." And then, as he made no answer, she broke out passionately: "Promise me that you will

But he only answered her with broken words and caresses, and at last, thinking she was soothed and comforted, he kissed her once and left her.

hands, and cried like a child for the hapless ruin he had made of

sat in the darkness of his room. looking hopelessly into a past and into a future of which he knew there could be but one solution He must go, he must make the only possible reparation that still lay in his power, by walking out of Anne Harding's life forever.

Go Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## "Bless me, so it is! We named THE LAUGHING GIRL WHO FOUND LOVE

WiEN Nan Eckel entered the big studio living room, where her good friends were having tea, she seemed to purify the heated air as if a bit

of fresh wind had blown through. In her black crepe dress and little feathery hat drawn down over her blond curls, with only a string of pearls to relieve the sombreness of her very best go-to-Sundaymeeting costume, she made a picture that instantly charmed the

artistic eye of Clarence Martin. "Hold that pose, please!" he cried, springing up as he fumbled for his ever-ready notebook and pencil. "I want you just like that for the cover of a January maga-

Nan laughed as she passed him and took a place on the big couch hefore the blazing hickory logs. "No. no. my dear successful friend! I'm no model, and I won't be flattered into seeing my tiptilted nose ornamenting any news

"You're much prettier than any model he has, and you know it," declared Rachel Gaines, passing a cup of tea to Nan. "And if anybody could get your spirit of perfect happiness, sympathy and tolerance in any publication-well, the subscription would have to be limited. A billion a month would be too few to satisfy the demand."

agreed a young musician, running a caressing hand over the ivory keyboard of the piano. "I'm trying desperately to compose something that will be symbolic of you, Nan. When I do-well, I'll never have to patronize hot dog stands again." Nan flushed with a grateful look. "Nice speech, that! Pay for that

little supper I cooked for you last

It was a recognised fact among

the group of artistic folk there

that all the men were in love with

"By George, you've said it!"

Nan herself made a fairly comfortable livelihood by making place cards and favors, but she was so

"arrived" in their respective fields

charitable that she gave away to the less fortunate almost all that she earned. She was the very spirit of generosity, and in giving of her substance and herself she seemed to have found true happitess. Whenever Nan was present, everybody was sure to have a good time. Whenever one of her friends had a bit of bad luck or misfortune, it was always Nan who comforted or straightened the tangied threads of destiny. Rich people envied her constant happiness. Radio Nan, they called her lov-

"Are you ever sad, Nan? Don't things ever go wrong for you?" queried Kate Winters presently. turning to her.

WHAT'S THE USE? For just the fraction of a second there appeared to be a little wistful look in Nan's face. Peter Mc-Farland, who did not belong in that crowd, was sitting on the couch beside Nan and he looked at

was put to her. "What's the use?" she asked, parrying the question. The more Peter thought of that

her intently when the question

evasive reply, the more he realized that he wanted to know the answer. Peter was a very rich young man about town, who had been bored to extinction by the girls and men in his own set and who, in drifting around had struck up a gay cameraderie with Nan's little group of talented folk. Peter really had a great gift for

writing fiction. He had not real-

ized it until Nan quite seriously

pointed it out to him. In a sud-

den burst of ardor, he had dashed

off a few sotries which had been

immediately accepted, "because

editors know that I own controll-

ing interest in two newspapers and

thing ever went wrong with you? truth?" A LITTLE SOB. There was a little sob in Nan's

Nan didn't laugh at that. She always laughed when he tried to say sweet nothings to her. He reached across her to tuck the warm robe around her. Glancing up, he saw something glimmering on Nan's cheek. A tear? "Kate Winters asked you a

Mind to-tell me-the

a man who doesn't love me." "I didn't know there was such

this inhuman monster!" This bravely firm, suffering Peter. Nan had apparently recovered herself. "There's nothing to tell except that I-I've fought against it and fought and because I've always laughed and been silly, my friends expect it-and-and they call me radio Nan and it will shock

That-from Nan. It was almost more than Peter could bear. And the idiotic chap didn't love her! Peter swerved his car into imposing grounds, slid under a porte cochere. A flash of light as doors miraculously opened, and almost before she knew it Nan was whisked into Peter's big house. He led her into a cosy little room where a flickering fire sent a rosy glow over the face of Peter's mother, sitting there quietly in the candlelight. "Mother, here's Nan! She wants to have a good cry, and I knew that this was a very good place for her to have it. Here with you." Then Peter closed the door

voice. Peter, just outside the door, was

waiting for her. "Who is the imbecile you love. Nan?" he demanded. "I won't answer when you call him names like that," said radiant

And soon from radio Nan there went out waves of sweetest music -the silvery post of wedding bells.

she said wildly. "I suppose I ought to be willing to die rather than say what I must say, but I can't help it. I love you. I thought when I knew-that it had all gone-forever; that you had kfiled everything I ever felt for you; but it's not true; I love you: I'll give up everything for

a little pity!" JUST A VAGABOND.

if I take you. I've no money, not thousand pounds from Mr. Hard-His voice broke, but he struggled on again: "My dear, you don't It's sweet of you-wonderful-

She drew back a step from him.

"If you loved me all this would not matter," she said. "It's because I love you I know

risk--" she faltered.( He shook his head; his lips were

'Anne, for God's sake-

ter said hoarsely. "Which of us do you love,

you!"

The Fortune Hunter's arms went

"John!" There was such a world

The Fortune Hunter turned slow

them round his neck. "Promise me you won't go-

"Peter-your novel-about me-accepted-I'm bursting with pride." me like this." For a moment he made no an

"I suppose I haven't any pride," † and his heart torn with misery

Her arms clung about him, her wet

"Anne, oh, my dear, how can I answer you? How can I stay? I've been ordered to go-and rightly. I must leave this house tonight-you know that. I shall love you all my life; there's never been another woman in the world for me. There'll never be a moment when I am not thinking of youwanting you. But I can't stay;

There was a tragic silence.

He came forward a step into the

sible tomorrow."

It was a way out for the moment, and he felt that he could bear no more. Tomorrow? Mr. Harding had said that tomorrow things might seem more possible; but the Fortune Hunter knew well enough that before tomorrow came he would be out on the road, with

Supper was brought in place of pretense of eating was made, but

was over.

GOOD-NIGHT. He followed her from the room and said good-night to her at the foot of the stairs. He dared not offer to kiss her, and she did not seem to wish or expect it. He stood and watched her go up the staircase, but when she reached the bend, and in another second would have been hidden from him. something seemed to snap in his heart. He went up the stairs two

at a time and o ertook her on the "Anne!" She half turned, the tears running down her face, and

whom the moment of eternal farewell has come.

stay--promise me!"

door; then he sat down in the darkness, his face hidden in his

THE airman's lighthouse, which it is proposed to erect on Mont Afrique, in the center of France, will possess the most brilliant light on earth, of 1,000,000,000 candle power.

# Fiction Page

beyond. "Where are you going?" she He tried to smile, but his lips

twitched badly. "Back to the road-where I came from." And then, with a desperate efofrt, he steadied his voice sufficiently to add: "it's kind of you-to say good-bye to me. I hadn't dared hope-" He could not go on; he half turned away, and with sud-

"Don't Go." "Don't go-oh, don't go!" she The words were only a whisper

## the lapels of his coat.

one writer chap likes to do a good + enough to-to fall in love with

turn for a buddy," he modestly declared. But his little splash into creative work had most certainly spoiled him for the old life. His knowing friends patiently announced that Peter was off on a fad-meaning his evident enjoyment of Nan's group-and that he would soon be fed up

fathers. But Peter showed no signs of fulfilling their sarcastic prophecy. To his surprise that afternoon, Nan accepted his invitation to drive her home. More times than he cared to remember. Nan had smilingly declined, walking away with some other chap because she did not want to accustom herself to luxuries, for luxurles had a way of fast becoming necessitites, she said, and the appearance of a Rolls Royce

on literature and near literature

and return to the fold of his

would not soon be repeated. Peter felt the usual flutter in the region of his heart as he settled himself beside her and took the wheel. "Mind if I spin up the Drive before we turn in? It's the witching hour, you know, and although I've always been temperamental enough to like it. I'm willing to admit it's quite got me since I've known -vou."

in their set was an event that

question this afternoon and you didn't answer her? She asked if you were ever sad, if any-

velvety voice. "I've been silly

a man," returned Peter glibly, almost too glibly. "Tell me about

them so if I send out any-any waves of sadness-and I'm-I'm wanting just now to indulge myself a little-and cry a little-or a

and left them there. Tears. Low, whispering voices. Soft laughter. Then Nan began opening the closed door. "I-I won't know what to say to himwhen I see him." she was saying. the old happiness thrilling in her

Nan. Then, "Oh, Peter, darling" (Did Peter's ears deceive him?)

him forever

landing. he caught her to his heart.

Anne said, with the quietness of

He went straight to his own room and shut and locked the

CHAPTER XXXVI. Flight. For hours the Fortune Hunter